

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE BLUEJAY.
BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

UNCLE Wiggily Longears, the nice old rabbit gentleman, was slowly hopping along over the fields of his farm, which was next to the green woodland where he lived in a hollow stump with Nurse Jane Furry-Wuzzey, the muskrat lady housekeeper.

"Well, everything seems to be coming along nicely," said Uncle Wiggily to himself. "I think I might take a few days' vacation and hop down to the seashore to meet some of my old friends, the shipwrecked mouse and the old and shivery lobster. I guess he wouldn't be very cold today." And Uncle Wiggily stopped in the shade of some big plant leaves and ate a piece of cheese.

It was very warm, and the weather was, though of course, the cheese felt the heat too. In fact it said it was melting, the cheese did.

All of a sudden, as Uncle Wiggily was taking the last nibble, he heard a voice calling:

"Hay! Hay! Hay!"

"Hay! I wonder if they mean me?" he exclaimed half aloud. "Who's calling?" he asked.

Out of a hollow tree flew a big bird. "I called," he said. "I am the bluejay."

"Oh, I'm glad to meet you," politely spoke Uncle Wiggily, though I wish you wouldn't say hay at me."

"Why not?" asked the bird.

"Because it reminds me of the time when the bad, car-scratching cat, the tail pulling monkey and the nose pinching baboon tried to pull me off the load of hay," went on the bunny uncle.

"Of course, they didn't do it, and they fooled themselves, but I don't like to think about it. So, if you wouldn't say hay."

"I'm sorry," said the bluejay bird. "But hay is the only sort of noise I make. So, unless I keep still, I can't make myself heard." And then the bird dropped something down in a hollow tree.

"What are you doing?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Filling my hollow tree with acorns," was the answer. "And it's taking me a very long while. I never knew one of my trees to have such a big hollow in it."

"One of your trees?" spoke Uncle Wiggily, sort of surprised like. "Why, this is my farm, and everything on it is mine—the trees and everything."

"Oh, excuse me," said the bluejay sort of sadly like. "I did not know that. Well, if this is your tree I'll have to take all the acorns out of it, I suppose. And if I do that, and have to fill another, it will be winter before I finish. I wish I had known that before."

"Oh, now that's too bad! I'm sorry," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "Of course, you may use my tree to fill with acorns if you like. But in as many as you please, and call it your tree, too. I have no use for it."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed the bluejay bird. "That makes me feel happy. I'll keep right on with my work. Hay! Hay! Hay!" and the bird called the word out in such a jolly fashion that the rabbit gentleman could not help laughing at the thought of how the cat, the chimpanzee and the monkey were caught under the hay, as I told you in the story before this one.

So while the bluejay went on gathering acorns and dropping them into the hollow tree, Uncle Wiggily kept on hopping over his farm. He looked at the onions and the potatoes growing beside him, and he saw the sunbeams dancing with the little waves of the brook, doing a sort of duck dance with the fox trot.

"Yes, everything is coming along all right," said Mr. Longears. "My farm is better than ever. I am glad I live on it."

Then he started back for the hollow stump, as he had promised to be back early for luncheon, and he and Nurse Jane were then going to the moving picture.

But, as Uncle Wiggily reached a little patch of woodland, near a spring, all of a sudden some one jumped out from behind a stump and grabbed him.

"Well, now who's got you?" cried a voice, just as when papa or mamma slips up behind you and blinds your eyes. "Guess who it is!"

Uncle Wiggily guessed the first time. "You're the car-scratching cat!" he cried, sadly.

"That's who I am," was the answer. "And I have you sure this time, even if you did get away from all of us before."

"Yes, I guess you have me," went on the bunny. "But what are you going to do with me?"

"Take you to my two friends, the nose pinching baboon and the tail pulling monkey," was the answer. "Then we shall see what happens."

"I'd rather not see them," spoke Uncle Wiggily, for well he knew what was in store for him.

"But wait! What is this?" All of a sudden, just as the car-scratching cat was dragging the bunny uncle away, a whole lot of some hard, brown round things poured out of a hollow tree, over the cat, and down they fell bouncing, jumping and trouncing on his head.

"Oh, mouth! Oh, mouth! Oh, mouth!" mowed the cat. "The whole world are falling on me!" "Oh, dear!" Then away he ran, leaving Uncle Wiggily safe and alone. No, not quite alone, for in a hollow tree overhead perched a big bluebird calling:

"Hay! Hay! Hay!"

"Oh, in that you, Mr. Bluejay?" asked the rabbit.

"Yes," was the answer. "I saw the old cat catch you so I just threw some acorns from the hollow tree on his head and scared him away."

"I am glad you did," said Uncle Wiggily. "Thank you very much."

"I do not mention it," spoke the bluejay. "You were so kind as to give me this hollow tree for my acorns, and I am only too glad to do you a favor now and then."

Then the bluejay bird flew off after more acorns, and Uncle Wiggily went home, and if the porch, hammock doesn't try to swing itself around the fireplace, and make itself look like a lady's veil on a windy day, I tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Rob White—Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

HOROSCOPE.

Tuesday, July 25, 1916.

IL luck attends this day, according to the reading of the stars, for Mercury, Neptune, the Sun and Saturn are all adverse.

They who are wise will wait events before taking any important business chances. The next few weeks may be uncertain, and marked by alarms that are baseless.

It is not a good rule for promoters or persons who desire to enlist support or co-operation in large enterprises. The rule is not a favorable one for political candidates, who may encounter many unexpected obstacles.

Speculation, especially that which has to do with minerals or mines, is subject to a similar direction.

Both women and men should be on their guard against the influence of ideas that are not practical and sane. There is a government of the planets said to make persons exceedingly susceptible to fantastic suggestions.

As this is the end of a period in which exotic and decadent standards of life and art have been tolerated, grave scandals are foreshadowed, but these will be only the last expression of wrong ideals.

This is held to be a day not favorable to journeys on the water. Storms and accidents are probable.

Russia is to make some sort of a demand, appeal to the United States within a month, the seers declare.

Effects of the coming eclipse are likely to be felt by the king of Norway, who may suffer severe anxiety and be in peril of entering the war.

Turkey, also, will experience serious troubles this are more critical than any reverses met previously, it is predicted.

Again the rise of new heroes is prophesied. The old will pass away as if to give place to the men who belong to the dawn of a new era, which marks a new cycle.

Persons whose birthdate it is may have a year of many anxieties. Domestic problems may be serious. Those who are employed should be careful.

Children born on this day may meet many obstacles in the way of business or artistic progress, but these subjects of Leo probably will be gifted.

Mexican rents a specialty. Ph. 4564. Adv.

TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

COOKERY IS BECOME A NOBLE SCIENCE



Toast for Breakfast

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

TOAST is a great favorite for breakfast, and eaten by many persons; to make toast properly, a great deal of attention is required, much more than people generally suppose. Never use new bread for making any kind of toast, as it is moist and tough, and, besides, is very extravagant.

Take a loaf of bread about two days old, cut off as many slices as may be required, not quite a quarter of an inch in thickness. Trim off the crust and ragged edges, toast over a clear fire until the bread is nicely colored, then turn it and toast the other side, and do not place it so near the fire that it blackens. Dry toast should be more gradually made than buttered toast, as its great beauty consists in its crispness, and

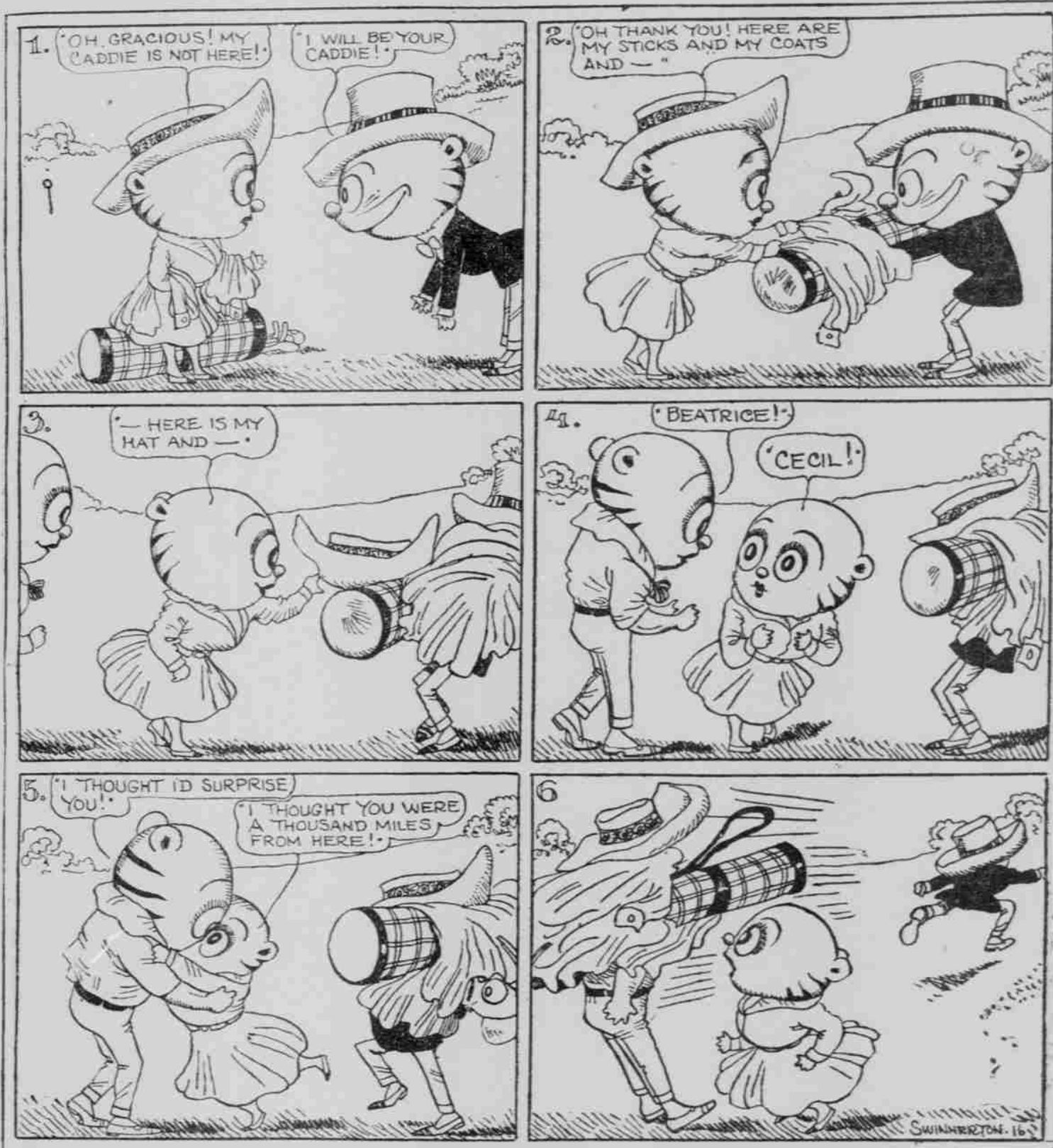
this cannot be attained unless the process is slow and the bread is allowed gradually to color. It should never be made long before it is wanted as it becomes tough. As soon as each piece is ready, it should be put in a rack or stood upon its edges and sent quickly to the table.

To make buttered toast, toast the bread as directed above; when of a nice color on both sides, put it on a hot plate; divide some good butter into small pieces, place them on toast, set the plate in the oven, and when the butter is just beginning to melt, spread it lightly over the toast. Cut the slices of toast across from corner to corner, and serve at once. It is highly essential to use good butter in making this dish.

To-morrow—Summer Salad, Tomato Surprise.

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THE ESCAPADES OF MR. JACK - BY J. SWINNERTON



NEWS NOTES FROM MOVIELAND

67 DAISY DEAN



Mlle. Ottawa being "killed" by lion in movies.

THE above photograph, showing a big, blood-thirsty lion about to eat up a very nice looking young woman, was taken recently during the rehearsal of a moving picture which may be entitled "Love in the Jungle." Mlle. Ottawa is the fair "victim." She is an animal trainer and is assisting Capt. Jack Bonavisti in training this lion and other animals.

The training of a lion to be a moving picture star has many dangers, but Mlle. Ottawa is not afraid. She knows her animals well, and lying beneath the King of Beasts has no terrors for her. She is equally fearless in the presence of tigers, bears and leopards.

SYD AND CHARLES

STILL BEST OF PALS

To contradict the many reports regarding family differences, both Charles and Syd Chaplin have issued a formal denial that there has been any trouble between them. It was reported recently that they had come to the parting of the ways, and that their

joint interests were terminated, once and for all. Syd Chaplin is negotiating with several concerns for the making of a series of comedy releases and in the meantime has banked \$75,000 given him by his brother in appreciation of his services as business manager, judging from their past records, the worst thing that could happen to the younger of the Chaplin family would be to lose the advice and business direction of his shrewd elder brother.

Thorothy Kelly, she of the Vitaphone fame, is preparing to take the final plunge into the sea of matrimony. Miss Kelly displays a diamond ring of purest rare sapphire and modestly announces that Harvey Haveron, a New York real estate man, is the lucky individual. The date of the ceremony has not been fixed.

Jean Stuart, who is rapidly coming to the front as a screen actress, was formerly on the speaking stage, having Charles and Syd Chaplin have issued a formal denial that there has been any trouble between them. It was reported recently that they had come to the parting of the ways, and that their

church fall out," cried the corporal. "There was a considerable bustle, and all those that fell out march into church—you need it most," said Corporal Spuds, who was carefully followed by his eyes the course of a shell that just then sailed over his head and wrecked the postoffice.

DR. LOVE'S HOUSE ROBBED WHILE HE IS AWAY FOR DAY

Wearing apparel and other valuable articles were stolen from the home of Dr. G. D. Love at 1512 West Main street between 6 o'clock in the morning and six in the evening Saturday, according to a report made to the city detectives Sunday morning.

The burglary occurred during the absence of Dr. Love.

Among the things taken were 12 shirts, three hats, a suit of clothes and other articles. Entrance was gained through the front door of the home.

WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL

George H. Kendall, 228 Mesa Avenue, Makes Glasses Right—Adv.

To The Millitimen.

It is all right to hike in the regular line of duty, but no use to walk when off duty. Here you can get an Auto and Taxi Service you will like.

City Service Co.—Adv.

'A Romance of Life in a Big City

A GIRL AND A MAN

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

Agnes Hears From Two Admirers.

(Copyright 1916 Star Company)

CHAPTER VII.
AGNES MORLEY had finished typing the letters Mr. Hale had dictated to her that morning, and she handed them to him with a glance at the clock. It was only 10 minutes of five. Then it would be possible for them to be signed by her employer in time for him to leave the office at five, as he had told her he intended to do. She hoped that she had done the work to his satisfaction.

She waited anxiously for a word from him, meanwhile putting to rights the various papers that had accumulated on her typewriter desk and cleaning the machine so that it would be ready for the morning. She could go home soon herself, for her hours were to be only from nine to five.

She was roused from her musings by the telephone ringing sharply.

"Answer that, please," Mr. Hale ordered. "Say I can see nobody and am just going out. But ask who it is, of course."

"This is Mr. Hale's boy," said someone at the receiver from his book. "I want to speak to Mr. Hale."

There was a buzzing sound on the wires and this made the words so indistinct that for a moment she did not recognize the voice.

"Mr. Hale is just going out," she said. "Who wants him, please?"

Then, suddenly the buzzing ceased and she knew who was talking.

"This is Mr. Hale's boy," was the answer. "Is Mr. Hale there?"

As in a flash the thought occurred to her that probably the speaker had not known her voice because of the "troublesome noise" which had prevented her recognizing him. Without a word she held the telephone out towards her employer.

"Who is it?" he asked, surprised. "I told you to say I was going out."

"He talks to Philip."

"It is your man," he rejoined, taking the receiver from her.

She was glad that her back had been to the window, so that he could not see the flush that had come to her face. She was also glad that he did not notice that her hands trembled slightly as she went back to her desk.

"Hello, Phil!" Mr. Hale called.

"What do you want?"

"The girl wished that she was where she need not listen, and yet she longed to hear. But she started nervously at the next sentence."

"Yes," Mr. Hale answered a question asked him by his son. "Then with a glance at the clock, 'I can wait for fifteen or twenty minutes. Yes, surely—we can attend to it together on the way home.'"

He hung up the receiver, then turned to Agnes.

"Miss Morley, you need not wait for me ready to leave," he said. "It is nearly five, and I have nothing more for you to do today. I find I shall have to remain a while longer than I expected. My son telephoned me he is downtown and wants me to attend to an errand with him on the way home. But you may go now if you want to."

She went toward the next room to get her hat and coat, but paused at the door.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hale!" she ventured.

"Oh, good afternoon!" he returned absent-mindedly, then resumed the signing of his letters.

"She would have liked to linger in the hope that he might say something that would indicate whether or not he was satisfied with her work. But she had to remain a while longer than I expected. My son telephoned me he is downtown and wants me to attend to an errand with him on the way home. But you may go now if you want to."

14 YEARS Ago Today

From The Herald of This Date, 1902.

THE department of Texas rifle contest will be held next week at Fort Bliss, a large number of men from different military posts having entered in the shoot. They are expected to begin arriving within a short time. The contest is expected to develop some high class shooting.

The new Juarez jail is at last in use, having been dedicated yesterday afternoon by Gov. Miguel Ahumada, of the state of Chihuahua. All available space within the walls of the new structure was occupied and many failed to get admission.

A very bold robbery was committed this morning at the grocery store of N. Carl, 219 Mills street, when the cash register was rolled away by thieves.

Arrangements are being made for a baseball game between the Fort Bliss and El Paso teams to be held next Sunday afternoon. If the rain does not cause a postponement.

A ledge of fine onyx was discovered within three miles of El Paso yesterday on Mt. Franklin by J. E. Patterson, J. B. Hiesing and Fred Richardson, who were on a prospecting tour.

S. M. Schwartz, who has been at the Sheldon for several days, is in the city for the purpose of looking over a site for large cotton mills to be built by a corporation known as the Union Milling and Manufacturing company.

Thomas Hughes, C. Hall and Frank Hubbard, fair boomers of Albuquerque who have been in the city for the past few days, will return home tonight. They have guaranteed the El Paso team a safe sum if they will compete in the baseball tournament which will be one of the features of the fair.

Postmaster Smith has recently made application to Washington for three additional clerks for the El Paso postoffice and expects to receive a favorable reply within short time.

Col. W. H. H. Llewellyn and Miss Ida Llewellyn arrived in the city from Las Cruces.

Senator W. W. Turner was being spoken of as a candidate for mayor at the next city primary election by his political friends. Mr. Turner, his law partner, when questioned today, stated that he knew nothing about it. Mr. Turner being out of the city.

was on the elevator, yet she was very nervous as she walked through the long corridor leading to the street. She almost ran until she was safely in the subway station, where she was to take the uptown train. She had succeeded in avoiding Philip's stare.

"But it was a close call," she murmured to herself.

Yet in telling her aunt of the events of the day, she omitted to mention the incident. Aunt Lucy might not understand why she dreaded meeting Phil in his father's presence just now.

When dinner was over, as aunt and niece sat together in the little parlor chatting, the lower bell rang. Miss Morley spoke immediately of the man who was upstair in her companion's thoughts.

"There's the bell!" she exclaimed. "I was just wondering when Phil Hale would be here again—and I haven't a doubt but what that's him now."

"Very likely," very likely," she tried to speak calmly, yet she was trembling with excitement.

And then, as she went forward and leaned over the banister to greet him, the man ascending the stairs looked up, and the light fell full on the pale face of Randolph Pickens.

(To Be Continued.)

TWO AUTOMOBILES TAKEN; "JOY RIDERS" STEAL RIDES

Two thefts of automobiles within 30 minutes was reported to the police Saturday night, while both cars were recovered within three hours in different parts of the city. "Joy riders" are believed to be responsible for the theft of both cars as they showed evidence of hard usage. The first theft reported was by E. E. O'Brien, whose automobile touring car had been taken from in front of the south entrance of the Hotel Paso del Norte on West San Antonio street. It was recovered later on Monday.

A Chandler touring car owned by J. C. Zozaya was taken from Second and Cochis streets, and was found some time later down the country road, where it had been abandoned by the thieves.

Making money is not our sole aim. We desire to make friends, as we go through life. We believe our methods will do both. Southwestern Fuel and Feed Co., 211 No. Cochis St. Phone 331. Adv.

Beauty Chats By Edna Kent Forbes

The Pretty Bather

EVERY WOMAN wants to look as pretty on the beach as in the ball room, and if she is the wholesome type of woman, she wants to be able to keep her good looks and enjoy the surf and the freedom as much as possible.

The new bathing caps would make any woman beautiful. The most becoming is a fairly tight rubber cap, with a colored rubber "feather" or quill, placed in the front. Then, if you wear silk stockings and well-fitting bathing slippers, you will be charmingly dressed for the beach.

If your face is thin—or if the tight-fitting cap does not look well, it would be allowable to buy small hair pieces the color of your own hair—to have them made from your combings, and to pin these to show from under the cap. Do not let them curl, lest they show their artificiality.



A new style, becoming to any figure

Pretty bathers galore decorate the fashionable beaches, sitting about in silk suits and stockings, powdered and painted and marcelled, who "never go near the water."

If you have a poor figure, and want to look good, bathing corsets will help you, though it is a pity to wear them. The freedom the body would enjoy without them, and the extra benefit to surf bathing, should keep most women from putting them on. In fact, with the new style, one-piece, straight bathing suits, even the poorest figure can go corsetless.

These suits come in wool jersey or silk jersey, as well as mohair, satin and so on. They are usually buttoned on one shoulder, almost sleeveless, cut in a V in front, and slipped on over the head. They are wide and short, and are worn over a one-piece wool Annette Kollerman. They give a dainty suggestion of figure, and do not cling like the old style skirt and waist type.

Questions and Answers

My two youngsters shed skins of corn on the toes, and I do not like to use corn plasters on them. It seems like harsh treatment for them. Can you suggest something else to cure them?

—Glenaca.

Reply—Yes, if the corn seems quite advanced, then use a good chiropodist, and have the corn shaved down. Then put the children in barefoot sandals for the entire summer. By this time the feet will be all right. Change the style of shoes they wear, get extra good quality and be sure the toes are broad enough for growth.

Will you suggest an inexpensive way to decorate a four-year-old girl's nursery? This is not a "cheap" query. I know; but the ideas you have suggested along that line are so original, I'm sure you could suggest something new to cure them.

—Minnie Clayton.

Reply—If you can afford it, panel the room in dark oak or mahogany, to a point above the line where the child can reach—dark wood does not show finger marks. Paint the walls cream or white or pink, paste on pictures of fairy tales from Mother Goose and other books she loves to make them washable. I would not suggest making each wall into a tale—running the series of pictures of that tale above the wainscoting.

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